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SCOTTISH RHYMES

BY

WILLIAM WILSON. K

O! let not Censure, with malignant joy,
The harvest of his humble hope destroy!

FALCONER.

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SCOTTISH RHYMES

WILLIAM WILSON



EDINBURGH

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P R E F A C E.

THE public is not here invited to contemplate the emanations of transcendant genius ; it is solicited to co-operate in the benevolent plan of alleviating the accumulated miseries of poverty and old age. The following Poems are the production of a man whose best years have been consumed in the dreary labours of the coal-mine ;—a man whose progress in life has only been marked by a succession of calamities. His vigour is now exhausted, and his own exertions can no longer avert the bitterness of want.

That

That the children of rapine and injustice, and the mere drones which incumber the hive of society, should so often be permitted to recline amidst all that is fair or desirable, while the man of real worth is left to languish in the dismal gloom of increasing poverty, is a dark ænigma which the limited faculties of man are unable to solve. But certain it is, that the goods of fortune are distributed with a partial hand. Were they universally bestowed in proportion to the merit of the individual, William Wilton might have been able to afford to others the relief which he now implores for himself.

Langholm, 1800.

SCOTTISH RHYMES.

THE MINER:—A POEM.

WHILE tempests loud, wi' awfu' din,
Strip Nature naked to the skin,
An' roarin' spates frae hill an' how,
Mak dubs an' fykes like oceans flow,
My thole-made Muse, undaunted yet,
Attempts to sing; she sings her fate,
An' does her artless sonnet swell
Wi' things relating to herself.

Where yet the radiant orb o' day
Did not impart a cheering ray,
Nor moon, nor starns, nor ony sign,
To measure or distinguish time;

A

Where

Where rosy bud, or op'ning bloom,
 Or caller breezes, never come ;
 In earth's dark womb, a dungeon drear !
 Where all is danger, all is fear ;
 There, hid frae Hope's celestial eye,
 The sons of Woe their labours ply.

Here subterraneous thunders roar,
 While rending rocks sustain no more
 Their load, but 'neath the pond'rous mass
 Are bended down, and bruis'd like glass.
 The gushing spates frae gulphs profound,
 Add horror to the hideous sound ;
 An' loudly to the trembling ear
 They thunder—" Death and danger's near !"

'Midst gath'ring gloom and putrid steam,
 The taper scarce a glow-worm's gleam
 Affords, to aid the sickly sight,
 And guide the feet to faster flight.

When Vulcan, by the thund'rer's pow'r,
 Was hurl'd frae Heav'n's extatic bow'r,
 He glowr'd about, wi' cunnin' ee,
 And peep'd through ilka cavity.

At

At length he slyly chanc'd to keek
 Where in the earth there was a steek,
 And fand, in rich profusion laid,
 The hale materials o' his trade.
 He shaw'd the Lemnians how at pleasure
 To manage the metallic treasure,
 Its ilka kinds distinguish'd, and set forth
 O' ilka kind the use and worth.

Thus some hae follow'd aye finfyne
 The painfu' labours o' the mine,
 Whase usefu', though detested, toil,
 Maks mony wealthy nations smile,
 Maks cities, towns, and tow'rs arise,
 Wi' glitt'ring turrets to the skies,
 An' to the gorgeous thrones o' kings
 Brings mony rich and costly things.

Let nae proud naething, then, despise
 His fellow-worm in meaner guise ;
 However poor in habit, station,
 Person, purse, or occupation,
 He claims, as far as worth will shaw,
 The due esteem o' ane an' a'.

THE
DISAPPOINTED SPINNER.

LAST winter I wi' my ain spinnin'
Design'd to be farked fu' bra' ;
I ettled, o' three slippin' linen,
To hae ha'f a dizen to shaw.

I tun'd up my twiner wi' pleasure,
Tho' spinnin' was least o' my care ;
I try'd it whene'er I had leifure,
Neglecting nae time I cou'd spare.

By little an' little I counted
Three slippins ; and up i' the wa'
I had the bad chance to hae't mounted,
In view o' the incomers a'.

An' muckle bra' roose they a' made o't,
While ilka ane at it did gaze ;
Last came Lady Lightfoot, and gae'd wi't,
And naething had I but the praise.

But

But had I been at the beginnin'
As wise as I'm now, I can tell
Ye should hae heard less o' my spinnin';
An' gude had it been for myfell.

For now I hae got sic a drawback,
That troth I'll be fain to forbear,
Unless I can rowple up a clawback
Or twa for my ilka-day wear.

EPISTLE

(6)

EPISTLE

TO

GEORGE GRAHAM.

A E day last week, by luck but ill,
I came to you my pock to fill ;
I'd rather it had been empty still,
Than thol'd the want
I've had sinfyne o' my snuff-mill,
An' what was in't.

Her marks to you I will describe :
She's nowther vera deep nor wide,
Her measure aften has been try'd,
Twa ounces fill her :
Yet better marks may be supplied,
To help me till her.

A. P.'s engrav'd the lid aboon,
It's seven years since it was done ;
She's unco fair wi' rust o'er-run,
An' nae part clear,
As black's she had nae seen the sun
This fifty year.

If

If ye can her a-spearing lay,
An' be successfu' i' your way,
I frankly for your pains will pay,
Wi' thanks beside :

Pray advertise her ev'ry day,
Baith far and wide ;

And promise something that's genteel,
To ony that will be fae leel,
As having her will not conceal ;
Ye's kep nae skaith,

Though it be half a crown, it will
Not hurt us baith.

An' if she ance come i' your fang,
Send word to me or it be lang ;
I'll pay for ilka foot you gang
A handsome wage ;

An' if ye fear to thole the wrang,
Ye's keep the pledge.

If ye this task will tak in han',
An' mak the best on't that ye can,
I'll do as much for you again,
Without compulsion,

Or else I will forheicht the name
O' WILLIAM WILSON.

THE
DYING WORDS

OF

THOMAS SMITH.

LANG, Jenny, hae we liv'd thegither,
An' helpfu' been to ane anither ;
To funder now it gars me swither,
Alakeani !
To weel or wae, I kenna whether,
Soon I maun hie.

Wi' skilfu' men, an' men o' fense,
My life has lang been in suspense,
And Death allows of nae defence,
Nor will he spare,
But hurries auld fo'k headlang hence,
They kenna where.

That

That this is mortal, weel I fin' ;
 A cauld sweat covers a' my skin,
 I start an' tremble in ilk limb,
 And yet I'm laith,
 War't no' thae rackin' pains within,
 To think it death.

But these will soon conclude the strife;
 Whan they beset the seat o' life;
 And I, wi' mony a sickly sigh,
 And hah an' grane,
 Maun e'en despair o' a' relief—
 Alake there's nane !

To die I'm e'en right fair aghast,
 Ilk pang I'm fear'd will be the last ;
 An', Jenny, ye maun follow fast,
 Or it be lang ;
 Sae mind your auld mistaks in haste;
 As weel's ye can.

Yet, as 'tis likely that ye may
 Hae mair to do yet hereaway,
 A prudent foresight ye maun hae
 For warldly good,
 An' catch a wing to clear your way,
 An' help ye through'd.

B

For

For gin ye aim na at some thrift,
The gains are sma' that ye shall lift,
An' poor fok needna look for gift
Frae great or sma';
For charity's turned cauld an' stiff,
Worth nought ava'.

Do what you can to had your ain,
An' look for mair by honest gain,
An' ev'ry waster gate refrain;
For that's the way
That ye maun through the world win,
As weel's ye may.

Anither word, an' then I've done,—
For see my glafs is almost run :
Jenny, tak tent ye dinna shun,
Or spare expence,
That I may to my green bed win
Wi' decent menfe.

FRAGMENT

OF AN

EPISTLE TO ROBERT JOHNSTONE,

*Who had written an Elegy on the Death
of the Author.*

WHA tell'd you, Rab, an' gard ye flaw,
That Will was dead? Ye're liars a';
He's hale and weel, an' yet worth twa
O' that description;
Thanks to the Pow'r preserves us a',
An' len's protection!

But for your caution, Rab, confider,
An' gather weel your wits thegither,
Ere ye provoke an aulder brither
Again fae ill:
Else faith I'll gar ye had your blether,
Against your will.

But if ye'll calmly own your crime,
An' mak amends anither time,
Cour down before Apollo's shrine,
 To ease your conscience ;
Then ablins ye may be forgi'en
 For your sheer nonsense.

THE

THE
COW-HERD'S DOGIE.

WHEN first I teuk the world in han'
To help me to my fending,
I was but e'en a feckless man,
To nae great things pretending.

They gat me coxt to herd the cows,
A sober occupation ;
Some cowda beast, an' twa'r three yows,
Unto my fad vexation.

I was oblig'd to tak' this charge,
Nane else was in dependance ;
Although my hirsle was na large,
It ca'd for close attendance.

They rang'd about, I follow'd too,
An' watch'd their motions truly ;
But a' that ever I cou'd do,
I cou'd na' keep them ruly.

I got a dog, but like a frog,
A feckless wee bit fairy
Wi' snippit snout ; an' round about
The neck o't was a' garie.

I gat it learn'd to bark an' rin,
An' ca'd the name o't MOUDY :
I wad na gi'e this wee bit thing
For e'en a gay bit gowdy.

In less than half a simmer day,
It ken'd the name I ca'd it ;
And could hae turn'd, or ta'en away,
To ony place I bad it.

And wi' a motion o' my han',
Nae hundin' an' nae showrin',
I cou'd hae gard it rin or stan',
Without fae muckle roarin'.

Thus soon got I my hirsle a'
Brought under nurture nicely ;
My dogie kept them in sic awe,
An' acted ay fae wifely.

Ilk day as duly as I dine,
I dine my little MOUDY;
If there be want, it shall be mine,
She maunna want her crowdy.

But yet for a' that's done an' faid,
I'm dubious o' my dogie,
For fear it learns unlawfu' trade,—
The dad o't was a rogie.

It's come of a blude-thirsty pair,
('Tis no lang sin I kend it);
And in their manners if it share,
It will be ill to mend it.

Sae, MOUDY, mind thy honesty,
Else trust na me for shelter;
For if sic deeds be fund wi' thee,
Thou's wallop in a halter.

ELEGY

(16)

E L E G Y

ON THE

SUPPOSED DEATH

OF

WILLIAM MACGREGOR.

COME, ilka saft an' sympathying heart,
Ye're ca'd to mourn, come here an' tak
a part ;

He's gane, gude faul, the dreary gait that we
Ere lang maun ilk ane gang as weel as he.

He was a man but little past his prime,
Was something worn, but mair wi' toil than
time ;

His looks were loesome, an' his humour free,
His manly aspect wore an air o' glee.

His like for stature now ye'll hardly see,
Twa elwands wadna reach't by inches three :
His shoulders braid a just proportion shar'd,
'Tween whilk ye might hae turn'd a chapman's
yard ;

His

His back was braid, his breast an' belly round,
 A buirdlier man was hardly to be found
 Aboon the loins, but to observin' ees,
 He seem'd a wee contracted at the knees,
 Nor few'd his limbs o' equal growth to stan',
 Or claim proportion to the upper man.

When young, extensive had his travels
 been,
 An' mony far-aff country had he seen,
 Where mony warlike man, as weel as he,
 Faught blude-wat-shod for king an' country's
 plea :
 There learn'd he muckle skill, ye needna
 doubt,
 O' mony things that we ken nought about.

He own'd himsel o' schoolcraft e'en but
 scant,
 But Nature largely had supplied that want ;
 His uptak, ready as his ee an' ear,
 Loot nought escape he chanc'd to see or hear ;
 O' ilka diff'rent land he learn'd the leed,
 Learn'd, an' cou'd converse ha'd where'er he
 gade :

C

Their

Their men, their manners, modes, an' ways
o' life,

He cou'd describe as ready an' as rife
As fo'ks weel-learn'd, without the cost an' fash
O' books an' schools, an' a' your trish-ma-
trash.

O' ilka thing he had an unco smack,
An' in his neighbour's need was never slack,
At ony time when things cam to a stan',
Baith to advise an' lend a helpin' han'.
Nae farer gane than winter past, I trow,
An honest man was like to tyne his cow ;
This usefu' beast an ailment teuk fae ill,
It baffled mony able leech's skill,
Wha did their best, but did it a' in vain ;
They cou'd na bring the beast to rights again.
A hide-bound hardness o'er her body spread,
They try'd to pierce a vein, but nane she bled.
The hard infection play'd its part fae weel,
It sev'ral times repuls'd the pointed steel.
The poor dull chiel', wha ill the loss cou'd
brook,

Had e'en a fad, bumbaz'd, an' waesome look ;
But soon his faul was fill'd wi' risin' vigour,
Whan o'er the know he went to fetch MAC-
GREGOR,

Wha weel he kend did findle want a shift
 To help a poor man up wi' a dead lift.
 His errand soon he guefs'd, for to a hair,
 As soon's he saw his face, he kend his care :
 To tell his tale at length he wadna let,
 But teuk the shortest hint, an' aff they set,
 Came there aff loof, directly pierc'd a vein.
 Wi' a lang sprong, an' eas'd the creature's pain ;
 She bled fae brawly, ilk ane made a fraise ;
 The beast was hale an' weel in twa'r three days.

Thus, for relief to this sagacious man,
 Ilk wilder'd wight wi' kittle cafes ran.
 But now, let a' be wi' us as it will,
 There's nane to help wi' nowther hand nor
 skill.

Ah ! Sirs, I fear,—I wish I were mista'en,
 Too just we thole the loss o' him that's gane ;
 We took too cheap the favours of a friend,
 Whase worth, but for his want, we ne'er had
 kend.

He's weel that's ne'er at want ; when times
 were tight,
 We aften felt na for him as we might.

But fullen Fate at length did on him lour,
 And brought him subject to its gloomy pow'r.
 In his late days, ah ! Sirs, a sorry case,
 To occupy a collier's dismal place !
 This line o' life, though honest, cou'd but be
 A sober fend for sic a man as he,
 Whase early youth, a youth o' manly toil,
 Was fondly cherish'd by the great Argyle,
 An' mony mae sic like, wha saw his skill
 In cuttin' leather to their mind an' will.

MAC-

MACGREGOR'S ALIVE.*

HEH! man, I never heard sic nonsense
yet;
WILL dead afore the shoutin's o'er wi' Kate!
I'll warrant he's nae sic fool; that wad be fun,
To die afore his bairn-time's weel begun.
It's no' lang fyne whan we were a' begrutten,
Wi' grief we heard WILL i' the earth was
putten,
An' I, among the rest, made muckle main,
That sic a bonny funny chiel' was gane.
As I was musing o'er his worth and merit,
(For fauts but findle dead fo'ks do inherit),
A' this I scarcely through my mind had cas'n,
When breathless inby pops auld Jock Mac-
lawson;
Quo' I, "This while we've fair an' sadly
mourn'd,
An' as for me, my vera head's maist turn'd.

MAC-

* By a different hand, Robert Wray of Eskbank
is the parish of Canonry, where he was in very
extensive practice as a surgeon.

MACGREGOR's death has wrought us a' this dool." —

"But faith," quo' Jock, "I'll warrant he's nae sic fool.

Dead ! sic nonsense ! sure as ye're alive,
I saw the man this mornin' about five.
I to the door had cruppen i' my fark ;
My little dogie ^{grind} ~~ward~~, an' fair did bark ;
I shor'd it aft, an' then begoud to ban :
Wha think ye's at the door but the dead man ?
I started back, I ne'er got sic a fleg,
Inby I ran, an' coupet o'er our Meg,
Then, tremblin' fair, into the bed I spiels,
An' WILL MACGREGOR followin' at my heels,
Says, " Can I think ye've got a wee bit glad
To light my pipe ? for I hae muckle need
To heat my mou' ; the mornin's unco cauld ;
I'll crook my hough, ye mauna ca' it bauld."
I answer'd, scarcely kennin' what I said,
" Dear bairn, I surely thought ye had been
dead."

" My footh, auld Jock ! but ye're no' vera
blate,

Ye see me hale and fair, an' smoakin' yet.

It's

It's true, Death wan to me an unca clout,
 An' dang me in a swarf, there's little doubt;
 Without a' motion I some time did lie,
 But still my senses didna frae me fly.
 Thinks I, Auld Banes has gi'en me sic a skivet,
 Faith, I'll lie's quiet an' still as ony divet;
 I winna stir, if he'll but ha'd me fae;
 He'll maybe think me dead, an' aff he'll gae.
 An' fae I did; I acted death fae weel,
 That, faith, I cheated the auld girnin' chiel.
 He shook me ance or twice, the cunnin' knave,
 Then striddled aff, an' left me for the grave.
 I lay a while, till things soud tak a turn,
 An' WILSON an' the lave right fair did mourn.
 At length the coffin came; faith, things were
 serious now,
 This pinch'd me fae, I kend na what to do.
 Thinks I, I'll hirkle up an' tak my chance;
 Meanwhile Banenicker was gane o'er to France.
 Ere a' yon millions kill, preserve us weel!
 He'll need a rest, I think, to sharp his steel.
 An' trust me, Jock, I hae na ony fear
 But you an' I may live this twenty year."

While

While we twa chieks were hadin' thus our
crack,

The ghastly fiend upstart at our back :

His horrid looks appall'd the healthfu' air,

An' smote the sinkin' heart wi' dire despair.

His unmelodious voice was heard to say,

" D'ye think to rob me of my destin'd prey,

Or vainly vaunt an' brag how me ye cheated ?

Sic conduct bauld I dare you to repeat it.

Vain man ! to think that ye had ony chance

To shun my ee, though busy held in France ;

I can at ony distance aim my blow,

An' never miss when this my dart I throw ;

Sae mark my words, baith you an' this your

crony,

Sic vaunts I'll tak nae mare frae you or ony.

Be quash, I tell you, or else, by my dart !

The niest attack I'll pierce ye through the

heart,

An' lay you fairly dead as ony stane ;

To tell the news ye fanna come again."

Sair, fair I sheuk wi' fright, but nought

durst say ;

Frae comrades sic I fain wad been away.

WILL

WILL gasp'd, an' glowr'd, an' faid, " O death !
deval,

O ha'd your han', an' dinna flit my faul !

I fain wad stay a wee while hereabout,

An' wad na wish to gang till Katie shout."

" Weel, GREGOR, I shall let the job be o'er,

But brag nae mair,—else ye shall feel my
pow'r."

D

KATIE'S

KATIE'S SHOUTIN'.

A POEM.

HELP! help!" she cries, "O help in
haste!

An' fetch me soon some skill;
O ha'd my back! I canna last,
I ne'er was ta'en fae ill."

"Whisht, whisht," quo' WILL, "mak less ado,
An' dinna tak nae fear,
For thou's hae help, an' gude help too,
Gif I shou'd pay for't dear."

He said nae mair, but pree'd her gab,
Syne wraught a wee bit glead
To light his pipe; up lilt the lad,
An' aff he gaes wi' speed.

Auld

Auld Becka raise up wi' a rierd,
An' thrice she shoutet *dool!*
While KATIE, hands an' feet at eird,
Lay whamelt o'er a stool.

The auld ane, pithless wi' the fright,
Wi' greetin' hassins blin',
Shouts to the lad to fetch some light,
An' for the neighbours rin.

"Bring Birny Meg, an' auld Bess Bell,
Auld Willy too an' Jane;
For we'll want pith, as weel as skill,
Or I'm right far mista'en."

Some mair was meant, but naething said;
Wi' this the gude auld mither,
Wi' grief an' greetin' fae o'erlaid,
Draps down aboon the ither.

The lad, as manly as he might,
Aye shoutin' 'O my mither!'
Pu'd granny aff, an' lean'd her right,
Syne left them baith thegither.

But bonny WILL, as weel it was,
In canny time came hame,
An' fand the twa laid heads an' thraws
Upo' the cauld hearth-stane.

An' wi' him came, as luck wad hae't,
A skilly kind o' chiel :
When wife-fac'd wives are out o' gate,
They say he does as weel.

But here they baith were gayly glift ;
Yet keen to ken the worst,
WILL loutet, KATIE's head to lift,
Wi' greetin' like to burst.

But when some signs o' life they can
Wi' pingle pinchty gueses,
WILL, better gifted, now began
To tell his late distrefs :

“ At morn wi' Death, that nip-throat knave,
I thought I had ta'en truce ;
He shor'd to graith me for my grave,
I plain'd, an' pled excuse.

I wav'd him aff, but thank him nane,
For now, as ye may see,
Gin skouth be gi'en him, skin an' bane
He'll gang wi' ither three."

By this time KATE begins to heave;
WILL, blyth to see it fae,
Says kindly, " KATIE, canst thou prieve
A wee drap usquebae ?"

She wav'd it by, while wi' her staff
Auld Becka up did start;
She seiz'd the glafs, an' scowr'd it aff,
An' said it warm'd her heart.

By this time gossips gather'd in;
Things seem'd to tak a turn:
Quo' KATIE, " O mak little din !"
An' fair she seem'd to mourn.

They pu'd her fairly to her feet,
But a' her pith was gane;
Twa stiff anes steady haulds did keep,
She coud na stan' her lane.

They

They wat her gab wi' something gude ;
It cheer'd her faul a wee ;
An' ilka ane now understude
How things were gaun to be.

Frae less to mair the fray gaed on ;
Sair wark ! they said that faw :
WILL took his heels, an' frae them ran,
As fast as feet cou'd fa'.

At length, wi' muckle canny care,
Few cheeks amang them dry,
When a' the house was sick an' fair,
They safely lean'd her by.

A daughter's got, an' muckle wark
About its likeness made ;—
An't had no' had the mither's mark,
It was its verra dad.

Belive the blyth-meat was brought ben,
Enough to please them a' ;
The table scour'd frae end to end,
Wi' nap'ry white as snaw.

Gude fugar'd saps, in cogs an' capps,
Fill'd fleetin' o'er the girds,
An' saxteen trusty tup-horn spoons,
I wat they were nae firds,

Were rang'd in order on the buird :
No yet content wi't fae,
Came WILL, an' fair amang them pour'd
A pint of usquebae.

By this time, urg'd wi' stamachs keen
To taste the temptin' fare,
They toom'd their luggies tight an' clean,
An' claw'd the bottoms bare.

Niest butter, nappy cakes, an' cheese,
Great rowth was handed in,
An' souple-scons, to eat wi' ease
For wives o' weaker grin.

Thus wale an' plenty, tak an' leave,
About the board they threw,
An' some, they said, stude till't fae stieve,
That they ran out to spue.

But

But ithers held their hands for fhame
At this unmenfefu' deed,
An' faid they ne'er wad wear the wame
Reprov'd the gab for greed.

The trusty bottle nieft came out,
An' freshly till't they fell ;
First toasted KATIE's health about,
The nieft was WILL's himfelf.

The wee anes too, an' mony mae
They cou'd na weel win by ;
They lilted up the bumpers fae,
They dreep'd the bottoms dry.

Thus blyth an' merry held they a',
Till fome began to wink,
Ithers to fcauld whan fome they faw
Thraw up their wee drap drink.

But how at length they a' wan hame,
Is mair than I can tell ;
For mony were fae far mifta'en,
They cou'd na ftand their fell.

E P I T A P H

ON

J——S L——Y.

HERE lies,—gude reason that he shou'd,
 A blade that ne'er did muckle gude.
 Rotten was his reputation,
 Laziness his occupation :
 He liv'd a loose an' idle life,
 Distress'd his friends, o'erpell'd his wife,
 An' ilka civil rule o'er-ran,
 That regulates the life o' man.
 He wad na work, he cou'd na want ;
 His time he ill an' idly spent.
 As cyphers vacant columns fill,
 But add nae value to the bill,
 Sae here amang us for a space
 This cypher occupied a place.

F.

AN

AN

EXTEMPORE GRACE.*

GOD blefs the meat, an' blefs the man,
An' may he ne'er be scant,
Wha thus wi' lib'ral heart an' han'
Gi'es bread to them that want.

Wi' plenty may his pantry flow ;
Let plenty never cease,
Till CARSON claw an auld man's *paw*,
An' end his days in peace.

THE

* The author having gone to his work unprovided with money and provisions, CARSON, a brother-collier, proffered him a share of his dinner, provided he would produce a poetical grace. After ruminating for a few moments, he pronounced the above stanzas.

T H E C O A T.

I SING, an' I think it my duty,
I'm hearty, though hardships betide ;
In chearfu' content there's a beauty ;
Wha wants it hath little beside.

A favour received in season
Shou'd certainly ne'er be forgot ;
Therefore, wi' abundance o' reason,
I sing, an' my theme is the coat ;

The coat which, fae meet for my wearin',
You freely did on me bestow :
'Twere basely ungratefu' deferrin'
To pay you the thanks that I owe.

We poets but seldom ha'e riches,
So Providence wills it,—why not ?
Fam'd FERGUSSON sang his auld bretches,
An' why may na I sing my coat ?

That bard has but little discretion,
And is na ane real an' true,
Wha owns not a friendly donation,
But slights it wi' silence undue.

What suits for our sust'nance or wearin'
Demands our best thanks, does it not ?
Sly RAMSAY sung HAMILTON's herrin',
An' as weel may I sing your coat.

I count this same coat a high favour,
I prize it for properties three :
An', first, the gude-will o' the giver
Enhances its value to me.

I prize it, again, for its beauty,
Its texture an' colour I note ;
An' sure I'd be far frae my duty,
Did I not much value the coat.

I prize it, besides, for its fashion ;
It maks me not foppish, but gay,
It truly commands veneration,
Maks age to emit a fresh ray.

Let

Let IRVING put this in the volume,

An' see that it binna forgot :

An' may future ages extol him

For mony sic gifts as the coat.

PRO-

PROLOGUE

TO

A CHARITY-PLAY,

Acted by some of the Inhabitants of Langholm.*

SPOKEN BY MR GRAHAM†.

YE nymphs and swains that grace the
flow'ry meads,
Where wood-crown'd Esk his amber waters
spreads,
O wipe from Sorrow's eye the falling dew ;
To you the sons of Want their plaints renew.
Full

* This prologue, and the following ode, have been furnished by a well-wisher of the author's. They are inserted here, in order to increase the bulk of this collection.

† This gentleman has, for several years, been the brightest ornament of the Langholm theatre. His performance of Bauldy in *The Gentle Shepherd*, of Macclaymore in *The Reprisal*, and of Vizzard in *The Vintner in the Suds*, will long be remembered by those who have enjoyed the pleasure of witnessing it.

Full oft your ears have heard their whisper'd
 pray'r,

And oft your hands remov'd their load of care.

When modest Worth in secret sorrow pin'd,

And far from ev'ry joy his head reclin'd,

When pale disease had dimm'd the orphan's
 eye,

Or hoary age retir'd to droop and die,

Then gentle Pity ever sway'd your breast,

And, blessing others, you yourselves were blest.

Again the balm of kind relief impart,

And glad with timely aid the aching heart ;

With lib'ral hand your golden stores display,

Nor drive the sons of Want undol'd away.

So may the pow'rs of song some bard inspire,

To chant your praises to his Scotian lyre !

So may you walk the earth supremely blest,

And angels waft you to your fated rest !

Lo ! Famine treads the Caledonian strand,

And waves her banner o'er the prostrate land :

Bereft of hope, behold the parent lie,

And view his children with a wat'ry eye ;

Their infant cries his manly soul annoy,

And blast the latent seeds of ev'ry joy.

Yet

Yet rear thine head, thou lonely child of Grief,
 For soon some gentle hand shall yield relief;
 Thee from the dust some gentle hand shall raise,
 To close in peace the sabbath of thy days:
 Thy tale of woe shall reach Compassion's ear,
 And steal from Beauty's eye a graceful tear.

Ye generous few, whom nobler aims inspire!
 Ye souls that boast a spark of brighter fire!
 Survey th' unnumber'd woes of human kind;
 And sooth with heav'nly hope the weary mind;
 Revisit oft the haunts of care and strife,
 And strew with flow'rs the thorny maze of life.

ODE

O D E

ON

THE DEATH OF A YOUNG LADY.

There on her dusty couch in firm repose,
Deaf to our call, the clay-cold slumb'rer lies ;
Her beauty faded like the blasted rose,
Mute her sweet tongue, and clos'd her radiant eyes.
PENROSE.

LUR'D by the soft and genial gales
That cool the breast of Spring,
The balmy rose its sweets exhales,
Perfuming Zephyr's wing.

Yet oft the slumb'ring storms arise
From out their dark sojourn,
And rudely sweep, in ireful guise,
The vale's defenceless bourn.

Beneath their fell tyrannic pow'r
The vernal roses die ;
No more their splendours of an hour
Shall meet the musing eye.

F

So,

So, foil'd by Death's victorious hand,
The youthful Laura fell :
Unmov'd she met the stern command,
And smil'd a long farewell.

Sad o'er the lonely bed of grief,
Her tender mother hung ;
No soothing words afford relief,
Though honied from the tongue.

She, like pale Sorrow's sculptur'd form,
In silent gloom remains :
So bends the yew before the storm
That howls along the plains.

Around the couch where Laura lies
The mournful virgins stand ;
No more the sounds of gladness rise
Amid the peerless band.

Behold, ye sun-beams of the morn !
How soon your glories fade ;
Though orient hues the sky adorn,
Their splendour's soon decay'd.

Say,

Say, on your cheek does beauty's flow'r
In virgin radiance bloom?
Can youthful beauty's magic pow'r
Elude the fatal tomb?

By Esk's poetic streams no more
My guileless friend shall stray,
Nor e'er with eager steps explore
The YARROW's winding way.

No more at early dawn we scale
GLENVORAN's lordly brow,
And hail, with youthful rapture hail
The Fairy scenes below.

Yet oft at dewy ev'ning's close
My feet shall haunt thy grave;
O'er which the balmy-scented rose
And humble lily wave.

But shalt thou still supinely rest
Within thy dark domain?
Shall no dread voice, of accents blest,
Afunder rend thy chain?

The louring storms of winter hoar
Affault the murky sky,
The flow'rs that deck'd the lawn before
Recline their heads and die.

But Spring returns, and soon the flow'rs
Their wonted forms resume,
And, nurs'd by vernal suns and show'rs,
Exhale their rich perfume.

Thou too, a flow'r of fairer hue,
At length shalt bloom again :
Unbounded Spring shall all renew,
And hold an endless reign.



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